37
Mecklenburgh Square,
W.C.1.

Terminus 7585. 29th July

Dear John,

I handed in your message to Leonard, & we in both very sorry you couldn't come to Monks House, & that your mother's ill again: Please give her my sympathy. We could have offered you a great variety of air raid alarms, distant bombs, reports by Mrs Black who brought a Thermos pump (installed, needless to say in my bedroom) of battle out at sea. Indeed it's rather lovely about 2 in the morning to see the lights stalking the Germans over the marshes. But this remains an hap, & you must propose yourself later. And let me know if you want to meet the Major & hear about — what was it? — why the Crab walks sideways!

Leonard tackling Mrs N. downstairs — showers of confidences & complaints, also

Children's letters make the room almost uninhabitable
he says; she's teaching Mrs Gutteridge how to mark off.
I've just heard rude the date of R.F. so far — I.e. is
binding more. Don't bother to read it now, but
some day I should value your opinion very much.
It's no good reading other people's books when
one's writing one's own. I hope your Penguin is
a fully feathered bird by this time, with a
vast throat to swallow all the sprats.
I'd like you to print the Leaning Tower, if I
can bring myself to revise it, which I loathe
also, when would you want it — also, what
about — America? I mean can I print
simultaneously there? But — at the
moment I can't stop reading Coleridge — thanks
to you, I'm lured back into the ancients, & I
read a William Morris, chants for Socialists,
with immense pleasure. So I can't
bring myself to do anything I ought to do.
Forgive this long letter,
Yrs V. Ws.

NYPL

Rob 2/1/68